

THURSDAY EVENING,
MARCH 24, 1904.

THE EVENING WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

The Evening World
Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 12 to 14
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,586.

The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The Evening World for 12 months, ending February 29, 1904.....12,518 1/2
Number of columns of advertising in The Evening World for 12 months, ending February 28, 1903.....8,257 1/2

INCREASE.....4,261 1/2

This record of growth was not equaled by any newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

DESERTED BY HIS FRIENDS.

Mr. Sully seems to have been deserted by his friends.

Perhaps they left him on an impulse similar to that of the rat whose tail points in the direction of a sinking ship.

That honor exists among thieves is sometimes admitted. If this is true, surely that admirable quality ought not to be lacking among high-toned gentlemen who would scorn the thought of stealing. It might have suggested the tossing of a life-preserver to their old associates.

Of course the public, whether squeezed or not, is interested. Sully was spectacular, flew high and came down hard. It is not sympathy for him that prompts the notion that he was treated roughly by sharers of his profits, but a mere sense of justice. Their sudden balk when the chance arrived to divide losses was not kind.

A Milwaukee man draws silver dollars by mind power. A poor feat. The New York high financier draws millions by the mind power the other fellows lack.

CITY'S VERY MUCH FOR VERY LITTLE.

It is discovered that for a nominal rental of about \$2,000 per year business firms are occupying as storage room the \$100,000 asphalt-plaza approach to the West Fifth street recreation pier.

Very fine. This illustration of civic economy as it should not be. A fitting parallel to the city's \$1,500 income from the \$20,000 advertising privilege on the Public Library fences.

It is but a step from one thing to something else. By various processes of graft, favored men are now getting from the city a Whole Lot for an Insignificant Little. Shouldn't a halt be called before there is a modern reaching of the ancient unattainable—the Something for Nothing, with a premium?

Chicago telegraphs that three jurors out of more than a hundred who were "approached" by Union Traction agents refused bribes. Which way is the number surprising?

Trousers without pockets for the marines? Must be a mistake. They're for "all-the-time" politicians, of course.

SCARED AT THE MICROBE.

Probably as much nonsense has been written concerning the germ theory as upon any one recent topic. It has been written in seriousness approaching the comic. Scientific men, after long and profound study of the subject, have presented theses containing truth of much importance.

Snatching at some idea in itself sane and valuable, the quack scientist, often with a remedy for sale, has undertaken to scare humanity into foolishness.

If all that has been stated in regard to germs was correct there would be no possibility of worrying about it, for there would be none left to worry. Demonstrations are frequent that nothing is fit to eat, drink, breathe or touch. Accepting this extraordinary belief, there is no way of explaining why the world is not whirling tenanted through space, save for the ultimate microbe, which, having devoured its last surviving fellow, would be in the throes of starvation.

Probably people will continue to eat and drink, death being a rare consequence. They will even kiss, and shake hands, and willingly assume all the desperate risks involved. The struggle to overcome malignant germs will be watched with interest, but that all nature is but a lurking ground for organisms that kill on contact has not been established, and for good reasons.

An Indiana burglar took the pie and left the pocketbook. It's a wise thief who chooses the sure thing in "filching."

Gen. Miles is a proved soldier, but—the forlorn hope of Prohibition?

THEY WHO DIE FOR DUTY.

With the highest honors of the Department, the body of Hugh J. Enright, policeman, killed while in the discharge of his duty, was borne to its resting-place yesterday.

Four platoons of police marched as an escort. Hundreds of other men in blue attended in the funeral vicinity. More than fifteen hundred citizens gathered to pay tribute to the memory of a brave officer.

It is only a few weeks since a similar escort and gathering of people marked the funeral of a fireman who had also met death while "at the front."

The man who fights violence and disorder and the man who fights fires are twins to peril in the civic service. Neither knows the dangers that a day may bring forth. Neither shrinks from the unknown, nor shirks the test that may develop.

It is a good thought ever—this of the undaunted and undoubted courage of the men who wear the city's blue uniforms. One may always turn to it with assurance. It is founded on facts of loyalty which stand unaffected by disheartening tales of "graft" and any infamous "higher up."

Expected of the metropolitan policeman: Courtesy, Vigilance, Courtesy.

What came Boston for a rise in bread and beef, so that the baked bean stand put?

The Strenuous Woman and Her Woes.

By

Nicola Greeley-Smith.

Armed with a double-barreled shotgun, Mrs. John Wover, a temperance worker, last night single-handed cleared out a "blind tiger."

Arriving at the place, she entered suddenly. Her husband ordered her to return home and started toward her. Mrs. Wover ordered the proprietor to close his doors, but he refused, when she said: "You put me husband out of here or I will demolish everything in this place." Then she became angry, stepped back and cocked the gun, saying to the crowd: "I'll give each of you thirty seconds to get out of here." The room was cleared immediately. Yesterday's paper.



READING this extract from yesterday's news, one realizes that whoever is responsible for the philosophy that has swept masculine America, it is Carrie Nation who has given a similar impetus to the methods among the weaker sex.

Since first the Kansas champion of temperance "smashed" her way into notoriety and relieved the isolation of George Washington's hatchet by adding her own more destructive implement to fame, feminine followers of her strenuous gospel have sprung up everywhere.

They are not all, to be sure, philosophic advocates of the application of brute strength to the enforcement of a mere abstract principle like total abstinence, but when it comes to its use in the education of refractory husbands the strenuous woman is with Carrie Nation every time. In savage times the domination of the husband in marriage was based, as all rule was in those days, on superior physical strength. But education and the progress which has brought the shotgun with it seems in the mind of the strenuous woman to have changed all that, and now apparently the matrimonial victory is to the one who can shoot the straightest.

As a matter of fact, the resort to force of any kind is nowadays a confession of weakness, in domestic as well as in national complications.

Intelligence, tact, finesse—call it what you will—is the most modern weapon of family warfare, and women are as a rule far better skilled in its use than men.

Headed a shotgun only settles things for the time being, and it would be rather tiresome to have to get your gun every time your husband reached for his hat.

There are so many ways, simpler and less exhausting to the nervous system of making him behave. What are they? The mere observer can only admire the results without seeking to know them. But any owner of a well-brought-up husband can tell you that she didn't supervise his education with a shotgun.

One often hears the wall from young women who are asked why they don't think of matrimony. "What's the use? All the nice men are married!"

They say it half in jest, to be sure, but there is really something in it. Married men are, as a rule, less egotistical and less selfish than bachelors and also a very important item—they have better manners.

What causes the change? Why, their wives—but they don't do it with a shotgun. Indeed, they would probably be honestly unable to tell how the metamorphosis had been wrought and might even deny that there was any.

The idea is general that it is a mistake to marry a man to reform him. Yet that is precisely what every woman undertakes who marries at all. She may not, probably she does not do it consciously. Indeed, when the process is most successful she knows no more about it than the man himself.

Daily association with a charming woman is inevitably refining, and consequently reforming to a man. But the strenuous woman, even though she does not resort to shotguns, creates opposition by her mental attitude, and by the very manner of her demand, whatever it may be, renders acquiescence in it impossible. Very probably she would think it beneath her to gain her point by the use of the feminine cauterizer which other women of less emphatic temperament find so effective. But it is better to win by finesse than to lose by a shotgun—and the shotgun always loses.

SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

ONE SINCERE MOURNER.

"The lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will."

"I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?"

"Yes," answered the attorney.

"On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marry again within a year."

"But why that condition?" asked the man of law.

"Because," answered the meek and loving testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died. See?"—Chicago News.

THE LAMB SUFFERS.

"Of course, no college man is a thorough graduate until he secures his sheepskin."

"So different from Wall Street. A man isn't considered a graduate there until he secures a lamb's skin."—Philadelphia Ledger.

AFTER THE "CORNER."

Gunner—Whatever became of that young stock speculator who used to get so many tips?

Guy—Oh, he's getting more tips than ever.

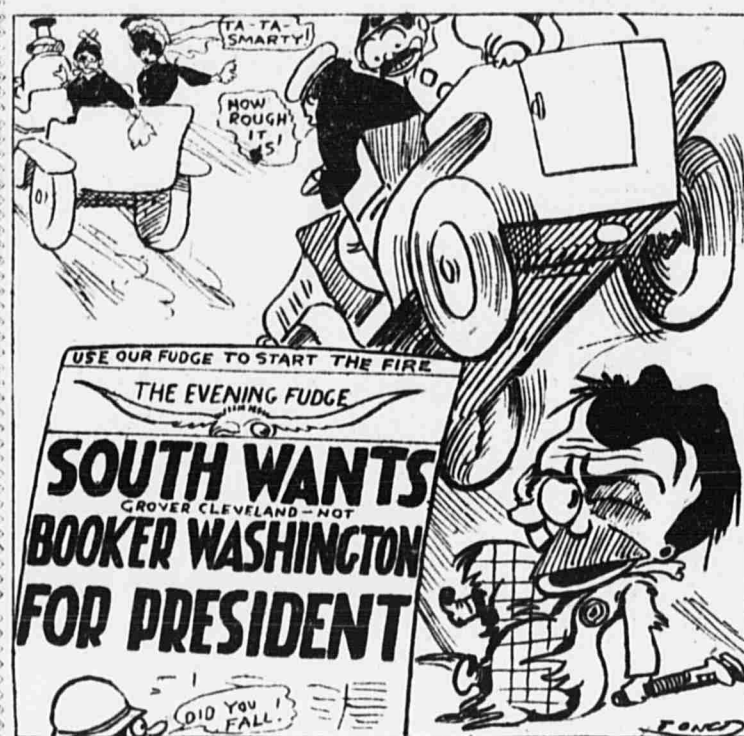
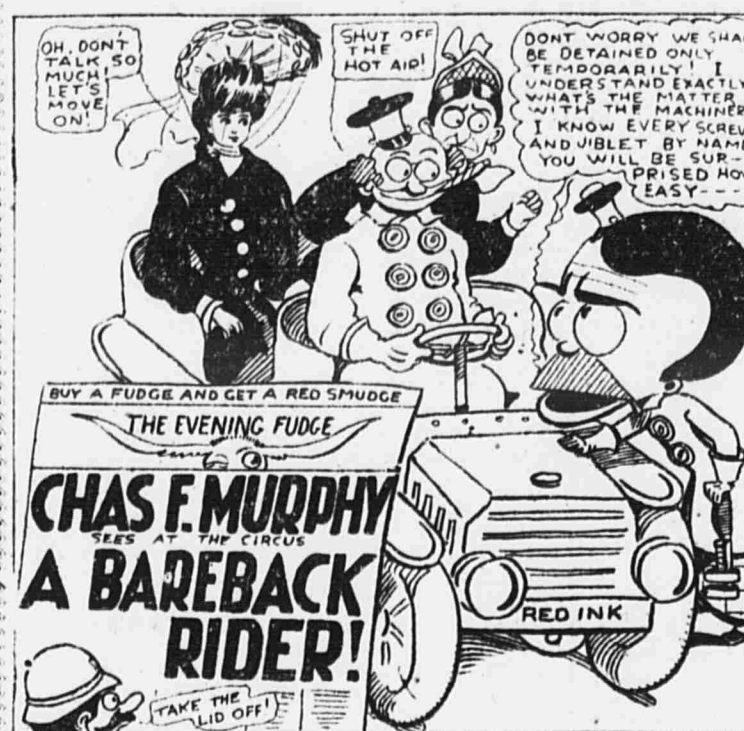
Gunner—You don't say.

Guy—Yes; he's a waiter in a hotel now.—Chicago News.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LITTLE MAN ON EARTH.

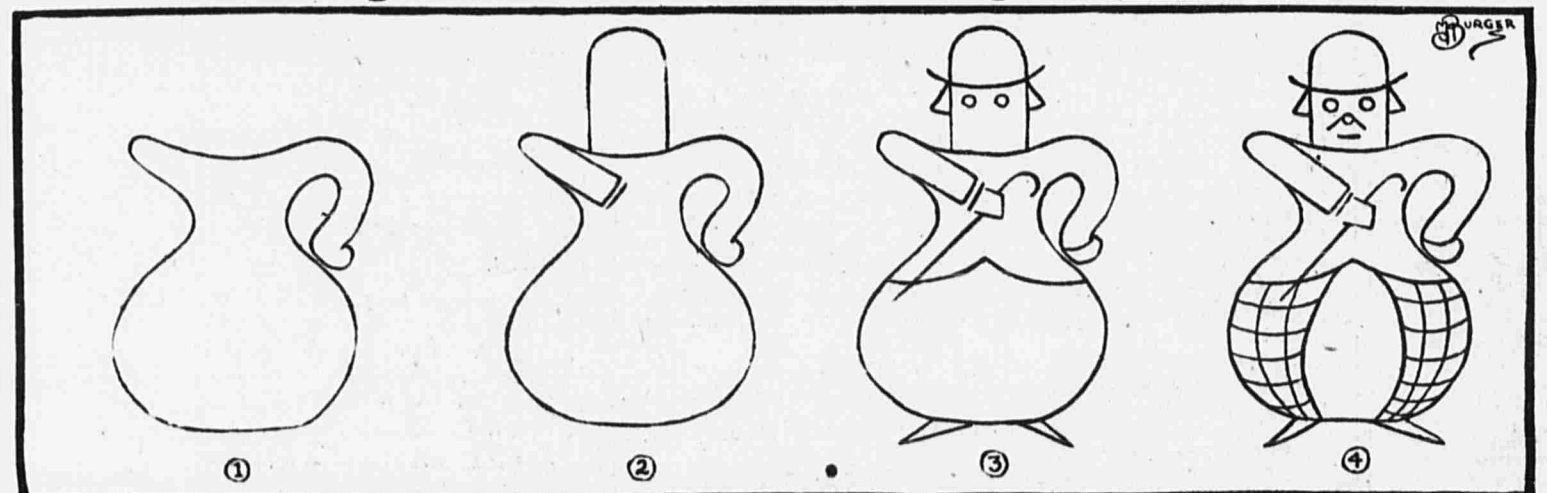
Mr. Peewee Imagines Himself a Mechanical Genius and Tries to Fix an Auto.



To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Was Written by John R. Free, No. 23 Park Row, New York City. PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1. HARRY BENJAMIN, No. 631 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, Bronx; No. 2. M. Goldstein, No. 8 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, New York City; No. 3. Mrs. H. HEIDE, No. 240 South street, City Heights, N. J.

To-morrow's Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook, "Can You Read Your Chinese Laundry Ticket?"

Drawing Lessons for Young Cartoonists.



No. 2—How to Change a Pitcher into a Duce.

Draw four outline drawings of the pitcher as in Figure 1. After you have done this draw the right arm in Figure 2; also add the lines on the top of pitcher which are in constitute the head and hat of the duce. To Figure 3 add one line to make hat, one triangle on both sides of the head and two small circles for eyes. Notice how the hand and cane have been drawn; also the added line on his left wrist. Draw coat lines from left to right and two triangles at the bottom of the pitcher to indicate the feet. When you come to Figure 4 add another small circle in the face; also three small lines to indicate nose, cheeks and mouth and two lines at the bottom of the coat to indicate the trousers. Indicate the check in the trousers by drawing lines downward and crosswise. Now you have the duce drawn. You might practise this drawing lesson over again until you master it without looking at the copy.

Lesson No. 3 will show you how to make a comic head out of a circle.

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Did She Really Want to Wed?

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reply to query of "Thirty Summers" as to "which is most to blame" for the fact that many attractive women don't marry, let me say, as one who has had a little experience in the matter, that women undoubtedly are to blame. "Thirty Summers" claims that she is fond of home life, is proficient in housekeeping, &c., &c., and would much prefer a married life, even on an humble scale, to her present civil condition (i. e. living a simple life on a "fat" salary), provided the right man came along. But can Miss Thirty S. conscientiously say that she felt thusly about the matter twelve, ten, or even five years ago? Was she not like the majority of young women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years, who would scorn to think of the "humblest scale" of living or anything pertaining thereto, say that she felt thusly about the matter during the last twelve years she has not at least one of "the right kind" of men, and the only obstacle to intervene between a happy union of hearts was this very poverty which she refers to as living on an humble scale?

THIRTY-TWO WINTERS. Which is to Blame?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I saw a letter about the "rudeness" of the average man. It is sickening to hear a lady talk about rudeness, ill-manners, &c. In answer to her charge that a man will "calculate in the twinkling of an eye whether he can

cross in front of you without a collision." I say that nearly always the lady is to blame. How often you see a lady in a long dress, walking abreast, walking along as though they were half dead, talking of trading stamps, new hats, &c. If you wish to pass them you will have to get out in the street

among the horses and wagons. And about a man giving a lady a seat: After a man has been working hard all day, carrying the load or something else, a lady who has been sitting all day expects him to get up and give her his seat. How often do you see a lady get up to give an old man or old

woman a seat? Not once in ten thousand times. I think one ought to correct her own faults before she criticizes others. THOMAS E. L.

Tired, Not Rude.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A woman complains of the "discourtesy" of New York men in neglecting to give their seats in public conveyances to women who might be standing.

She should realize that to expect a man to stand while riding three or four miles twelve times a week is exceedingly selfish. I think if men could distinguish between women who have been working hard all day on work necessitating remaining on their feet without any appreciable rest and women who have been wasting their time shopping and who do not know enough to return home before the rush hours, they would very gladly relinquish their seats to the tired working girls; yet it is the women of leisure who complain about the "discourtesy."

A close observer would readily understand that it would be a case of extreme sacrifice for a man to give up his seat every time a woman enters a car. Years ago when men were "in the habit" of giving their seats to women, women considered it a "right" instead of a courtesy and a "thank you" was a rare occurrence. Women have themselves to blame to a large degree for the present attitude of men on this question.

How many women thank a man for allowing them to take a seat which some one has vacated? HOMO.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

"Johnnie," asked a gentleman of a little kindergarten pupil, "do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, tell me how you do it?"

"Why, you just stop on her tail."

"A noun is the name of a person, place or thing," chanted the class. "Now give me the name of a noun." said the teacher, as they finished. Betty—An organ grinder. Teacher—Quite right; but why is it a noun? Betty (triumphantly)—"Cause it's the name of a person who plays a thing."

Visitor—So the angels have brought you a new baby?

Hobby (disgustedly)—But to see the fuss nuns makes over a man you'd think she'd come from London or Paris.

Mother—Oh, look, Willie! Cyril can stand all alone! Aren't you glad?

Willie (aged 6).—Oh, yes, mother. Now I can get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot it off with my bow and arrow, can't I?

Willie—Are you going to the circus?

Johnny—No, but mother says if I stay at home I may see Eddie take his castor oil.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Man Higher Up

The Circus Rider's Grip on Boys' Hearts.

"I'M AFRAID," remarked the Cigar Store Man Julian, the star bareback rider with the circus. He has sold all the old rags and bottles in the house and blown himself for tickets to the Garden. Last night I caught him casting envious glances at the lead pipe in the bathroom."

"It's natural," said the Man Higher Up. "Show me a man who wasn't pushed in on a circus rider when he was a kid and I'll show you a man who isn't geared right. The boy who doesn't get fascinated by the glamour of the spangles and the circus music is due to grow up to be a bank cashier with mutilage on his fingers when the bank's money is around."

"I'll never forget my first solo circus mash. I hit the lot with the parade in time to see the grand free exhibition. There was a sweet little blonde doing a stunt on a slackwire, just outside the main tent, that was all to the pussy willows for me. When she skinned the cat down off the wire after her act and skipped over the grass to the tent she brushed me as she passed and gave me a look. I wouldn't have taken a transfer ticket for Heaven just then."

"I goes inside the tent and the next I see of my josses she is throwing a single over a long line of horses and the lone elephant the show possessed. It was a one-ering show and they handed you the attractions one at a time."

"Then she came out with a guy who balanced a long pole on his chin; and she shins up the pole and does a balancing stunt that made my heart roam around like a doctor's buggy. As she got to the ground and kissed her hand to the audience I would have made an affidavit that the kiss was launched for my benefit."

"The next time she appeared she had changed her tights and she rode around the ring on a horse that had a back like the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera-House. He was an extremely deliberate horse, but when she got down and glued herself to his flank and swung her whip and yelled 'Hi-yi!' and he broke into a run for the finale of the act I thought he was going a mile a minute."

"After that she worked as top-mountain with a German-looking team that had a ground and lofty tumbling act, was assistant to a Japanese juggler, put on a riding habit and did a high-school act with four horses, acted as ringmaster while foolish persons of the town tried to ride the trick mule, and finally wound up by playing a cornet solo in the concert. I sneaked a shot of water and soda, then it must be the show and saw her there with a blue wrapper on and a baby in her lap, sewing up pieces for a crazy quilt."

"Did your infatuation last?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Not exactly," answered the Man Higher Up, "but my admiration for her versatility has never faded."

Source of Radium.

Radium exists in combination with lead and chalk and silica and iron and various other things that must be got rid of one by one in a series of reactions and operations that are complicated and costly, says Cleveland Moffat in McClure's Magazine. For days the powder must simmer over a slow fire with water and soda, then it must be decanted into big barrels, where a sort of mud settles; then this mud must be washed and re-washed, and finally put back on the fire to simmer again with carbonate of soda. Then comes more decanting and the settling of more mud and the repeated washing of this, followed by treatment with hydrochloric acid, which gives a colorless liquid, containing small quantities of radium.

To isolate these small quantities from the rest is now the chemist's object, which is attained in a series of reactions and crystallizations that finally leave the precious chloride (or bromide) of radium much purified. In each crystallization the valuable part remains chiefly in the crystals, which become progressively richer in radium and smaller in bulk, finally you have the product of six weeks' manipulation there at the bottom of a porcelain dish, no bigger than a saucer, some twenty-five grams of white crystals, and these at so low an intensity (about 2,000) that the greater part will be refined away by M. Curie himself, as we have seen, in succeeding crystallizations, and at the end there will be left only a few centigrams (at 1,500,000), what would cover the point of a knife blade, to show for a ton or so of granite powder and months of hard work.

Jap Progressiveness.

The Japanese always want the latest "tip" of science; they are all for progress. It is interesting to note that they have established communication across the bay of Corea by wireless telegraphy, sending messages from Chemulpo to Chifoo, a distance of 270 miles.

Of course, the messages are not very elaborate, and we can imagine some simple signals being arranged beforehand, and the Japanese would know for certain that there was no danger of their news being intercepted in any way by the Russians.

For the rough purposes of war it can quite be believed that the Japanese, with their extreme curiosity as to what is new, have rigged up in a few ships instruments capable of taking in signals with the assistance of some of their skilled civilian telegraphists on board.

As there will run their field telegraphs, at which they are adepts, and about the navy will use despatch boats, flags and flashing signals. The Japanese flashing lamp is peculiarly powerful—in fact, better than anything we have in the British navy.—London Telegraph.

A Hunting Fad.

Hunting with falcons was revived in Scotland some years ago by Sir Henry Bethune. A writer on field sports says: "The falconers had an old setter dog which hunted till he found a covey of partridges. The falconer then threw out a hawk, which rose in circles till very high, then hovered above the dog. The dog looked up to see if the hawk was ready, and then ran in and pounced the birds. Swoop! went the hawk. If he missed, the birds generally went into a hedge and the hawk soared again and hovered over the birds. The old dog then went off after them and got another point. If the hawk killed its bird the falconer went gently to it and plucked it up. If not he had to flush the bird with a lure, a dummy bird with a bit of pigeon on its beak. He called the hawk 'Killy, Killy, Volpook,' a sort of voo hoo, and hurried the bird in the air. The hawk stooped to it and began to eat the pigeon, and he then succeeded in plucking it up."

"Keening."

In a new Irish play which is about to be presented in London "Keening" is introduced. So far has this weird funeral custom gone out in Ireland that the Dublin players despaired of being able to study their part from the life—if such a bull may be permitted. One lady, however, knew of an old Galway woman, living in Dublin, and the players sought her out. She was quite willing to keenee, but said this would be impossible in her sitting-room and without a dead body. Not deterred by no reasonable request, the leading man at once died in the old lady's bed, and she forthwith keened over him.